

782.1
of 26
1881

1881 April 30

LA BOULANGÈRE.

OPERA COMIQUE.

IN THREE ACTS AND FOUR TABLEAUX.

OFFENBACH.

London:

J. B. CRAMER & CO., 201, REGENT STREET, W.

PRICE SIXPENCE.

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PERSONÆ.

DUC D'ORLEANS. *Regent of France.*
 LOUIS XV. *The young King of*

France, under the name and disguise of Ravannes a Royal Page.

MARGOT. *A Bakeress and Confectioner in the Halles, rich by speculation in the Mississippi Scheme*

TOINETTE. *Bar-maid at the Tavern "Au Berger Fidèle"*

JACQUOT. *Garçon at the "Berger Fidèle"*

MADAME DE PARABÈRE } *Ladies of*
 MADAME DE PHALARIS } *the Court*

VALPRÉ }
 DELORME } *Pages of the Regent* ..
 VARENNES }

ARNAUD }
 NAVETTE } *Girls in Margot's Shop.*
 CAROTTE }

BERNADILLE, *Fashionable Coiffeur.*
 FLAM. *Head Detective of the Parisian Force*

MUFFLE. *His Apprentice*
 THE COMMISSARY. *Police Magistrate*

COQUEBERT. *Lackey, and Lover of Margot*

CAPTAIN OF THE WATCH
 MM. D'AGIO

" DE LA PRIME } *Stock-Bro-*
 " DE LA HAUSSE } *kers* ..
 " DE LA BAISSE }

MARTIGNY }
 MORBLEU } *Equerries of the*
 DE LA VALLEÉ } *Regent Orleans*..
 ROSALBA }

Robbers, Stock Exchange Men, Market People, Nobles of the Court, Bakers, Pages, Maids of Honour, &c., &c.

The action passes at Paris under Louis XV., during the Regency of the Duc d'Orleans.

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NOTE—The Action of this Opera takes place at Paris, during the minority of Louis XV. and the Regency of the Duc d'Orleans. The famous, or rather infamous, Mississippi scheme of the notorious John Law, the French pendant of our own South Sea Bubble, furnishes the canvas on which the authors have based their fantastic story. The Baker who gets rich of an afternoon by Speculation—the crowds of fashionables dabbling in Mississippi shares in the Rue Quincampoix—the feverish tone of society—its ups and down, as lightly touched in the opera, are in reality matters of history, and such an episode as the Romance of “LA BOULANGERE” might well have occurred at such a time.

SYNOPSIS OF SCENERY AND ACTION.

ACT I.

LAW'S BANKING HOUSE IN THE RUE QUINCAMPOIX.

How the Chevaliers of the Moon stop the Pages, and get a warm reception from the Duc d'Orleans—How Bernadille finds himself suddenly a Plotter of eminence, and how Toinette conceals her love—How Flam and his Apprentice go on the trail, and how Margot cheats them, and lays in a new lover—How stock-jobbing was done in 1718, and how the Commissary declares himself satisfied.

ACT II.

THE PARIS HALLES AND MARGOT'S BAKERY.

How the Police get on the track of Bernadille, and what happened thereupon in the Bakery—How Toinette can't get back her lover, and how the Police make a descent—How all bakers are grey in the

dark, and how Flam works on female jealousy—How the Market espouses Toinette's cause, and how her lover is arrested as an accomplice in the Cellamore Plot.

ACT III.

POLICE COURT OF THE PERIOD.

How night charges were disposed of a hundred and fifty years ago, and how Toinette seeks to bail out her lover—How that gentleman tricks the Commissary, and escapes without the formality of two good and substantial householders, and how the Police turn the stable key when the steed is stolen—Arrest the false Commissary.

A GARDEN FÊTE AT THE REGENT'S PALACE.

How Toinette claims the promise of the supposed Ravannes, and how the æsthetic Marquis and Marchioness of Panama come to Court—Cross purposes—Bernadille believes Toinette to be false—The first kingly act of Louis XV.—How the indefatigable Police are wrong again, but by compensation, every one else all right—Happy Dénouement and Tableau.

LA BOULANGÈRE.

ACT I.

The Rue Quincampoix, Paris. The Banking House of Law.

No. 1.—(a) CHORUS OF ROBBERS.—“LO ! NOW THE
TRANQUIL.”

(b) SONG.—“THE FANCY BAZAAR.”

RAVANNES and PAGES.

Lo ! now the tranquil midnight hour,
When all obey the drowsy god,
Police are first to own his pow'r,
And in their sentry boxes nod !

1st ROB. You are there ? All is right ?

CHORUS. We are here ! - All is right !

1st ROB. Rehearse the programme of the night.

CHORUS. Home from ball or the play,
Courtly dame, cavalier,
Must perforce pass our way,
And their lackeys we don't fear ;
Yet 'tis well to rob slow,
And not plunder in haste,
For some nobs are so low
As for di'monds to wear paste

Thieves, don't ye see,
How green ye be !
Go ! learn, I beseech you,
How clumsy you are,
Any lady could teach you,
At a Fancy Bazaar !
PAGES. Yes, go ! learn, etc.

II.

RAY. We've bought of broidered slippers, braces, smoking
caps,
A ton or two,
In bare-faced lotteries we all took chances,
And we all blanks drew !
To kiss the darling little swindler's rosy lips
I own I burn'd,
And she said " I might at a price,
And no change return'd !"
Thieves, don't you see, etc.

No. 2.—SCENE AND MELOS.—“FOR YOUR GOOD
HINT.”

ROB. For your good hint, take our thanks hearty,
Wouldn't you like to be of the party ?
RAY. What ? cut a purse ? Nay, faith, friends, not I.
Let us be off, pale grows the sky.
But friends, reflect, next time you rob,
Pages ne'er have money in fob !
Go ! learn, etc.
Now good night ! or good day !
PAGES. Come away ! come away !
ROB. Come, on a lay !—

Miss Walsman
& Mr. F. Call

(8)

No. 3.—DUET.—“ SO, SIR, YOU ARE HERE !”

TOINETTE and BERNADILLE.

TOIN. So, sir, you are here !

BERN. As you say, my dear !

I see the love-light in your eyes,

I know this is a glad surprise !

TOIN. (*spitefully*) Surprise ? yes, that indeed's the word,

But love-light in my eyes ? absurd !

BERN. (*trying to caress her*) Dear little one !

TOIN. Prithee, ha' done !

Sight for sore eyes it is now to see you,

Butterfly Barber Bernadille,

Fortunate hairdresser ! who would not be you,

All the fine ladies' hearts to steal !

Oh yes ! as you powder their tresses,

As your fingers about their neck stray,

What a chance for furtive caresses !

Don't deny it, don't I know your way !

Yet ne'er were love vows spoken louder,

Than those you swore to poor Toinette ;

But vanish'd all like your puff powder,

Barbarous Barber ! To forget !

I am a wretched girl, I am !

BER. Come, come, Toinette, do pray be calm !

(Come, little woman, don't let's fall out !

Think if the neighbours were about !

TOIN. You, sir, have will'd it, we must fall out,

(Ev'n tho' the neighbours should be about !

BER. Please to be just ! If I've to tend ladies,

Also hair-dress them ! well, what then ?

As for you, Miss, it seems that *your* trade is,

Princip'ly smiling at the men !

Oh yes, barmaid, that's the situation,

When a gallant calls for a glass,

Don't you serve, too, a little flirtation,

Don't deny it, I know you, my lass !

At that sight my head's been in a whirl,

And my heart (so to speak)'s been out of curl !

But, unlike hard-hearted Toinette,
I've confidence in the old love yet!

TOIN. Forgive me this once. What a silly I've been!

But women, you know, say more than they mean.

BER. (*aside*) Out of that little wood,
She's in a better mood!

ENSEMBLE.

TOIN. { Still tend the ladies, what do I care?
Powder their wigs, and curl their hair!

BER. { Now that we reconciled are,
Flirt with the men from behind the bar!

No. 4.—(*a*) CHORUS OF SPECULATORS.

“HERE AROUND.”

SPEC. Here around the banker's dwelling,
Mississippi we're buying, selling!
Two hundred shares at ten, four, three!
Two thousand bonded debt for me!
Ten, six, five, for shares who ventures?
Fifteen hundred for debentures!
Don't forget the June coupon!
Come sell, come sell, you're very wrong!
My offer is ten, four, three,
Book at that price the shares to me!
No, no, not at ten, four, three,
That's not a price that suiteth me!

Enter STOCK-BROKERS from Bank.

RECIT.

See, clerks are bringing tissue!
Mississippi at a glance!

It is another issue.

BROK. Let the ladies have a chance!
And without bonus!

SPEC. 'Tis hard upon us!

(b) STOCK-BROKER'S SONG.—“ ONCE A LADY'S
HEART.”

I.

Once a lady's heart with love went throbbing,
As hope might thrill, or care might cark it,
But now that women do stock jobbing,
Hearts rise and fall just with the market !
Technic slang of the “ House ” they're pat in,
“ Contango,” “ Backwardation,” all,
“ Th' account ” for them's not Greek nor Latin,
They even talk of the “ Put and Call !”

But if they come to our city den,
They slily do so without the men,

And sweetly say,

As they trip away ;—

“ Don't tell our husbands, don't tell our brothers,
Our uncles, our nephews, our fathers, or our mothers,
That we dabble on the Stock Exchange !”

II.

Sweet the scented breath of tender maiden,
As she whispers hope to sighing lover,
But with quite diff'rent tones 'tis laden,
When asking us to “ carry over !”

Ah, the dark side of speculation,

The little darlings take it ill !

And rather shirk their liquidation,

And look askance at our Broker's bill !

Or use this plea if we feel irate,

“ You see, our dressmaker will not wait !”

Then sweetly say, etc.

No. 5.—(a) CHORUS.—“BAKERESS MARGOT.”

(b) SONG.—“MY SISTERS AND MYSELF.”

MARGOT *and* CHORUS.

CHORUS. Bakeress Margot, with her sack is coming,
Now for operations hot!
People do say there's no summing,
Of the money she has got!
Verily some folks are lucky
In what they do!
Tho' we must also say she's plucky,
With brass enough for two!

SONG.

I.

MAR. My sisters and myself you know,
Well! all save I have got a match,
We were a baker's dozen, so,
We might have well been call'd—the batch;
And here I am, a baker yet,
The “little bit in” I like to give,
The poor folk I never do forget,
For poor as well as rich must live.

REFRAIN *and* CHORUS.

Still, in the coppers rolling come,
And gold is baked from crust and crumb!
And I am known all Paris through,
As being a person well-to-do!

II.

MAR. I've speculated like the rest,
In Mississippi made a lot,
But there's a void within my heart,
And Mississippi fills it not!

Of course, love is the void I mean,
Or rather its absence I should say,
Yet still the man I've never seen,
Who'll bear me and my wealth away,

REFRAIN *with* CHORUS.

Still in the coppers, etc.

No. 6.—BALLAD.—“ 'TIS SO GOOD TO HAVE A
SWEETHEART.”

TOINETTE.

I.

The first tears of my girlhood,
Were for a broken toy,
But soon I found another,
And grief was turn'd to joy ;
But losing one's first lover,
Is harder still, no doubt !
'Tis so good to have a sweetheart,
'Tis so bad to be without !

II.

We two were, oh ! so happy,
Our life one long delight ;
We quarrell'd all the morning,
And made it up at night !
Where can I find another,
Will let me chide and pout ?
'Tis so good to have a sweetheart,
'Tis so bad to be without !

NO. 7.—(a) CHORUS AND SCENE.—“WHAT’S THIS WE
HEAR?”

TUTTI AND CHORUS.

CHOR. What’s this we hear? What’s this we see?

The soldiers hither trotting!

Folks won’t let politics a-be,

And must and will get plotting!

TOIN. (Then you think you will succeed?)

MAR. Of course I do, indeed!

Fear nothing, child, I’ve promised to protect you,
But don’t look glum, or else these ferrets will sus-
pect you!

Then we’re lost—you and I!

TOIN. All right, my dear, I’ll try!

COM. Wherever is a thoroughfare,
Or lane, or court, just put a soldier there!
And let no man the cordon pass,
Nor old, nor young, nor man, nor lass!

MAR. Not even me?

COM. Your name?

MAR. Margot!

Bakeress, don’t you know?

My oven’s hot, the batch is on,

Prithee, sweet sir, let me begone!

COM. I do not want the bread to burn,
And so, my dear, you may return!

(to Soldiers) Let her then pass who’s known to you,
As being a person well to do!

MAR. You’ll pass also my lackey grand?

COM. He does not seem to be on hand?

MAR. Where’s he got to?

COM. ’Tis provoking!

MAR. In some wine-shop!

TOIN. Drinking, smoking!

COM. Just tell the fuddling knave to come!

(calling off) D’ye hear? or are you deaf and dumb?

Enter BERNADILLE dressed as COQUEBERT.

QUINTETT and CHORUS.

BER. All right, all right, all right !
I am not deaf, at least not quite !

ENSEMBLE.

MAR. Ah ! what a beau ! I feel a flutter at my heart !
TOIN. Ah ! what a beau ! to think that from him I've to
part !
COM. The bakeress is young, the livery is fine !
I wouldn't grumble if his place were mine !
MAR. Heart, my heart, he does look fine !
TOIN. But I know his heart, his heart is mine !

RECIT.

MAR. Did ever folk such conduct see ?
And I, a dame of qualitee !
Lazy, tippling, varlet, that ye be !

SONG AND CHORUS.—(c) “ WE DRANK IT ONCE.”

BERNADILLE.

I.

BER. They drank a health in yonder inn,
The toast they gave us was “ The Force !”
Defenders of our kith and kin,
(to COM.) Your name was coupled, sir of course !
On occasion so proud,
No heel-taps were allow'd !
We drank it once, we drank it twice,
Hip-hip-hurra'd, then drank it thrice !
So popular you are, I bet
Your health, my friends are drinking yet !
CHOR. They drank it once, etc.

II.

BER. They were your friends who quaff'd the can,
And shouted loud till they were hoarse,
Because you see, they, to a man,
Were very well known to the force !
Yes, real Simon Pures,
And all friends, sir, of yours !
We drank it once, etc.

No. 8.—FINALE TO ACT I:—"YOU ARE FREE."

TUTTI and CHORUS.

COM. You are free to go away,
With your decorative valet,
Whose features do in no way tally,
With the vile wretch we'll catch to-day !
MAR. My man and I are free then to depart ?
Oh ! what a head he has and what a heart !

SONG and CHORUS.

I.

I fancy that I, being wealthy,
Must make a tour, I don't know where,
And being young and strong, and healthy,
I think I could stand Angleterre !
Live upon Bifteck,
Gin, my liquor be,
Ah ! little would I reckon,
If *he* were with me !

Protected so who'd not be a rover ?
Or bravely sail the wild water over,
Be even ill from Calais to Dover,
With him by my side I could all deride !

CHOR. Protected so, etc.

II.

MAR. If the "Lormaire" me should offer.
Tete-à-tete dinner in the Tow'r,
"Plum-poudin," and "Pill-ill" should proffer,
Still in that luxurious hour,
My courage would not veer,
Did I only glance,
At that emblem dear,
Of my own sweet France!
Protected so, etc.

RECIT.

FLAM. & MUF. We've got him! He could not defy,
Our eagle eye, our eagle eye!
COM. Despite the sneers of papers rude,
Not many things the watchful Force elude!

ENSEMBLE and CHORUS.

MAR. Sweet sir, may we hope that you are satisfied?
To please your worship's excellence our utmost we
have tried!
For oh, sir, we're sure our word you may believe,
It would be waste of time to try you to deceive!
COM. Oh yes! rest assur'd that I am satisfied!
ALL. Then come whate'er betide,
The police is satisfied!
TOIN. (to MARGOT) Now then, as woman unto woman,
You'll give my sweetheart back to me?
You never could be so inhuman,
As faithless to your friend to be!
MAR. No, no, Toinette, I'll not forget!
FLAM. (to COM.) Just let the bakeress away!
DEL. And then we'll pounce upon our prey!
CHOR. We hope, sweet sir, etc.

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

The Paris Halles, with MARGOT'S Bakery and Sweetstuff-shop.

No. 9.—(a) CHORUS AND AIR.—“HERE ARE
BARGAINS.”

(b) SONG.—“SWEET JAM TART.”

RAVANNES, PAGES, and CHORUS.

CHOR. Here are bargains whacking,
What may you be lacking ?
Please to name your price.
We don't mind a sacrifice,
Buy, buy, buy !
Ere the market's rising,
Buy, buy, buy !
All we sell is fresh and appetizing !
Gentle, simple, come and buy !

[*The Pages enter.*]

RAV. & CHORUS. When bor'd to aggravation,
By silks, toupees, and puffs,
'Tis quite a new sensation,
To mingle with the roughs !
I think I could manage now a nice jam tart !
Produce some samples of your art !
If connoisseurs there be,
In tart or jam 'tis we !

MAR. (*entering*) Gentlemen ! observe that tart !

SONG.

I.

RAV. Sweet jam tart ! what a holy feeling
Comes o'er us as on thee we gaze,

Similar air to "Just look at this" in
"Chances de Comédie"

Dear jam tart ! mem'ry o'er us stealing,
Brings back again our childhood's days !
Our earliest love was thee and . . . mother,
(Perhaps of the two thou didst own our heart ;)
There was no grief thou could'st not smother,
My friend, my comforter, my tart !

PAGES. Just, kindly girls, bring round that tray.

SOUB. They're newly made to-day !

REFRAIN.

MAR. Just taste me that ! with glistening eye,
You'll tell me that it is no vulgar pie !

CHOR. Let us try, let us try,
For it is no vulgar pie !
Old memories throng,
Around the heart,
Of days sweet as thyself, oh tart !

II.

Older grown, we take to affecting,
Champagne, and truffles, and what not,
And we blush at even recollecting,
The humble whelk, the chestnut hot !
Such weakness perchance the world will pardon,
And good may still live in the heart,
But oh ! beware, lest it should harden,
Against your early childhood's tart !

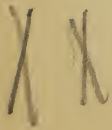
PAGES. Just, kindly girls, etc.

No. 10.—ROMANCE.—“ FAR APART.”

TOINETTE.

I.

If you tell me he is in danger,
Whose life is more than life to me,
If I must feign to be a stranger,
Nor for long my lov'd one see,
I can but try schooling my heart,
Ah ! 'tis so hard when far apart !



II.

Oh ! I could be a brave little woman,
Were his arm around me thrown,
Only one needs be more than human,
Left as I am unfriended, alone !
I can but try to school my heart,
Ah ! 'tis so hard when far apart !

No. 11.—“ THE COALMAN AND THE MILLER.”

AN IDYLL IN BLACK AND WHITE.

MARGOT.

I.

Two lovers once a lady had,
One was a miller to his trade ;
Whilst odd enough the other lad
Out of small coals a living made !
Now from this fact, (as will appear,
To the well constituted mind),
Came a result at first sight queer,
But which on reflection you'll find
That one of her lovers was black, was black,
The other young man he was white, was white,
The one as black as the coals in his sack,
The other like fine flour was pure and bright.

CHOR. Oh ! one of her lovers, etc.

II.

MAR. When Mister Miller breathed his flame,
On her fair cheek he'd leave a track,
So did the collier, much the same :
One mark was white and the other black !
Thus the neighbours knew right well,
Miller or collier's courting day,
For, casting an eye upon the belle,
Each one to the other would say :
'Tis the collier to-day for she's black, all black,

To-morrow the miller, all white, all white,
The one as black as the coals in his sack,
The other like fine flour so pure and bright !

CHOR. Oh ! one of her lovers, etc.

No. 11 $\frac{1}{2}$.--EXIT OF DETECTIVES.

Oh ! one of her lovers was black, was black,
The other young man, he was white, was white,
The one was black as the coals in his sack,
The other like flour pure and bright !

No. 12. (a)—CHORUS.—“THE MEN OF DOUGH.”
(b) BAKER’S SONG.—“AN ARRANGEMENT WE’RE
IN WHITE.”

BERNADILLE *and* CHORUS.

CHOR. The men of dough
Come from below,
From fiery atmosphere of ovens,
Faith, these bakers are not slovens !

(b) THE BAKER’S SONG.

BERNADILLE.

I.

BER. An arrangement we’re in white,
Or a symphony in dough,
Seldom seen by eyes polite,
For we are consider’d low !
Yet we are nocturnes in flour,
Picturesque, that is, at least,
From midnight hour, from midnight hour,
We watch a rising in the yeast !

REFRAIN.

Ah gentles, don’t forget,
’Tis we the sponge who set,
Quarter, half, or whole,
Whence comes your breakfast roll !

CHOR. Ah gentles, etc.

II.

BER. If th' inquiring mind should say,
"Tell me where is fancy bred?"
I'd reply that upper day
Never lights upon our head!
Ye who have your halls and groves,
Think of us whose joys are few,
We have the loaves, we have the loaves,
But ah! the fishes come to you!
So gentles, don't forget, etc.

No. 13.—QUINTETT WITH CHORUS.—"BE OFF! MY
MEN."

MARGOT, BERNADILLE, COMMISSARY, FLAM *and*
MUFFLE, COQUEBERT, *and* CHORUS.

MAR. Be off! my men, and see ye quench your thirst!

COM. No! stop! the prisoner must see them first!

CHOR. The prisoner! what prisoner?

Enter FLAM and MUFFLE bringing in COQUEBERT.

FLAM. & } Here is the prisoner!

MUF. }

MAR. (My other lackey!)

COM. (to Coq.) The presence of this man is proof of our
sagacity,

If proof indeed's required of the Force's perspicacity!

(to Coq.) We know your double's here,

So point out which is he,

And do so without fear,

Come! after that, you're free!

ENSEMBLE.

MAR. O agony, despair!

BER. O agony, despair!

Coq. I would myself like to trounce him,

And if the rascal's there,

Why, quickly I'll denounce him!

- TUTTI. Ah ! how thrilling the situation,
Our brow is damp with perspiration,
MAR. And I quiver, I quiver, I quiver, I quiver with
fright !
BER. O I quiver, quiver, quiver, quiver, quiver at his
spite !
COQ. O I quiver, quiver, quiver, quiver, quiver at her
sight !
COM. O I quiver, quiver, quiver, now I've got the plotter
tight !
MAR. O I quiver, quiver, quiver, quiver, what a dreadful
plight !
CHOR. Something strange and new,
We fancy will ensue !
TUTTI. Now let's be dumb !
The thrilling situation's come !
-

No. 13½.—EXIT.—“GENTLES, DO NOT FORGET.”

CHORUS.

Ah, gentles, don't forget !
'Tis we the sponge who set,
Quarter, half, or whole,
Whence comes your breakfast roll !

No. 14.—AIR.—“YES ! YOU ARE FREE !”

BERNADILLE.

I.

Yes ! you are free, all ties are broken,
Yesterday one, to-day we're twain,
Hands are unloos'd, the last word spoken,
Like you I am heart-free again !
Free of thine empire, sway'd yet so lightly,
(Why should one under tyranny fret ?)
Free from thy fetters pressing so slightly,
Free to do all . . . except forget !
Ah ! ev'ry tie is broken, etc.

II.

Now I am free, why should I fear thee ?
Therefore I think all day of thee,
Therefore I keep thy image near me,
Scathless I do so, being free,
Ev'rything from the day I first met thee,
Lives yet again at memory's call,
Nay, do not think that I regret thee,
'Tis but a day-dream—that is all !
For ev'ry tie is broken, etc.

No. 15.—FINALE TO ACT II.—“ IN US YOU SEE A
COURT.”

TUTTI and CHORUS.

CHOR. In us you see a court of honour !
And when a girl behaveth wrong,
The court will straightway sit upon her,
Now then, the case just bring along !
TOIN. Margot there's done a crime !
'Gainst our old market laws !

Enter the Pages.

1st P. For a row we're in time !
2nd P. And a lover's the cause !
TOIN. O one day my sweetheart got into a scrape,
And she hid him below,
Saying that so he would escape !
And she swore—yes, she swore,
And on it we clasp'd hand,
She would restore him I adore,
Immediate on my command !
Now friendship and all she abuses,
To give my lover up refuses,
Yes ! Madam, if you please, refuses !
CHOR. This is not good feminine form !
TOIN. No ! is it ? Am I not right to storm ?

CHORUS.—JUDGMENT OF THE COURT.

CHOR. To sneak another's lover,
 May seem an action deft,
 But all we can discover,
 Is that it is a theft !
 So now, no longer tripping,
 Give him up, give him up,
 Or p'raps you'll find some slipping,
 Betwixt the lip and cup !
 We strongly disapprove
 Of larceny in love,
 And if she speaks the truth,
 You've embezzled Toinette's youth !
 To sneak another's lover, etc.

RECIT.

MAR. Am I to blame if a simpering barmaid,
 Could not keep him who now sighs for me ?
 Tho' perhaps there are others who *are* made
 To ensure sweet constancy !

TOIN. It isn't true !

MAR. Toinette !

TOIN. Margot !

CHOR. Come ! do not fight ! No, no, no, no !

TOIN. He don't love you !

MAR. Toinette !

TOIN. Margot !

CHOR. Come ! do not fight ! No, no, no, no !

1st P. Happy thought ! have the young man here !

2nd P. Then let him choose, himself, his dear !

CHOR. Yes ! let us have the young man here, etc.

Enter BERNADILLE from trap.

BER. I thought that I heard some one call ?
 Or, not to mince the matter, bawl !

MAR. }
 TOIN. } Between us two, sir, make your choice !

CHOR. Make, sir, your choice !

MAR. } In whose affection you'll rejoice?
TOIN. }
CHOR. You'll rejoice!
PAGES. } In a word you have to decide,
SOUB. } Whom you now will take for bride!

DUO OF SOUVENIRS.

MAR. Why so silent? you who have pray'd me,
With tender glance and whisper low?
TOIN. Ah! remember the vows you made me,
By happy twilights long ago!
MAR. If you'd prefer a vow unspoken,
You need only squeeze my hand!
TOIN. I'll be content with silent token,
Press my hand, I'll understand!

ENSEMBLE.

MAR. } No matter what sky's above thee,
TOIN, } Let it smile, let it frown,
Ah! still I'll love thee, I love thee!

RECIT.

BER. (*aside*) To have two ladies a-pulling their caps,
Young, beautiful and Parisian,
For callous youth may have charms perhaps,
But for me the prospect's not Elysian!

PAGES. Make up your mind!
Don't hang in the wind!

BER. Yes—but I would——

MAR. } Come! no excuse, sir!
TOIN. }

BER. O if I could——

CHORUS. No further truce, sir!

BER. How happy could I be, were t'other one away!

CHOR. O that of course you're bound to say,
Get on! we can't wait all the day!

BER. To have two ladies a-pulling their caps,
Young, lovely and Parisian——

CHOR. O that, of course, you're bound to say,
Get on ! we can't wait all the day !

COM. (*entering*) He wants to think it seems to me,
And for reflection where could he,
Be half so well as in a prison cell !

MAR. I do not understand you clearly !

COM. Indeed ! and yet you love so dearly,
'Tis with pain you must be told,
That your friend's a plotter bold !
And must be cast in prison hold !

CHOR. Prison hold !

MARKET MARSEILLAISE.

MAR. The timid deer will turn at bay,
When by the hunters hardly prest,
The gentlest bird upon the spray,
Will watch and guard its nest !
And so shall we—tho' weak of will,
If you but rob us of our love !
We who have hearts to throb and thrill,
Shall we be less than deer or dove ?
Ah ! no, maidens, no !
Think of your sweethearts, think of your sweet-
hearts,
And shall it be said, you meekly let them go ?

CHOR. Ah ! no, maidens, etc.

RECIT.

COM. I regret that official duty,
Does not accord with the views of Beauty,

(*to BER.*) Now, my man, you come away !

BER. Just half a second, just half a second !

(*to Women*) O my friends, I'd rather with you stay !

MAR. } No, no, they shall not capture you to-day !
TOIN. }

BARRICADE CHORUS.

CHOR. We've something first to say !
Now then, police, for you,
Bring on your soldiers too,
We don't fear weapons glancing,
You've heard our market strains,
All therefore that remains,
Is now to teach you dancing !
On, maidens, on !
Think of your sweethearts, etc.

END OF ACT II.

ACT III.

END OF FIRST TABLEAU.

No. 16.—MELODRAME.

SECOND TABLEAU.

No. 17.—WATTEAU CHORUS AND DANCE.*

“THERE IS A PERFUME.”

S.S.T.B.

There is a perfume on the breeze,
And a music in the trees,
Thro' the mazy dance,
Now let us in the moonlight glance !
Now from the lamp-light hie away !
In dark alley let us stray !
There soft silence and the night,
To whisper'd vow of love invite !

* Music by LOUIS GREGH. Published by J. WILLIAMS,
Berners Street, W.

No. 18.—ROMANCE.—“PARTED.”

TOINETTE.

I.

'Tis the rose-realm of pleasure,
Where the light-hearted throng,
Glide from song into measure,
Or from dance into song !
But the music to me
Falleth sad as a sigh !
And how this may be,
O my heart, tell me why ?

Ah ! pity me, for I am lonely,
I'll hold me to his heart no more,
The voice that made my music only,
Is silent, and life's charm is o'er !

II.

In this still night, if ever,
Should a love-tale be told,
But I'll list again never,—
That sweet music of old !
Happy be ! while you may,
Maidens, tender and true.
Dance, sing, and be gay,
For your love bides with you !

Ah ! pity me, etc.

No. 19.—(a) CHORUS.—“WE NOW SHALL HAVE
OCCASION.”

(b) ÆSTHETIC SONG.—“DADO-ISM.”

CHORUS.

We now shall have occasion ample,
To criticise the new noblesse,
The Panamas will be a sample,
Of how such people speak and dress!
Now 'tis meet
That we greet
The Marquis and his lady sweet!

Enter MARGOT and COQUEBERT.

ÆSTHETIC SONG.—“DADO-ISM.”

MARGOT and CHORUS.

I.

MAR. Our ancient creed of decoration,
Is fast becoming quite effete,
And if you'd know the last sensation,
We're nothing now if not æsthete!
In notions dark of Art I pined,
And had a hankering for beauty,
But oh! my utter joy to find,
All ugliness my duty!
And now between me and the herd,
There is a perfect schism,
Intensively intense I live,
In a state of “dado-ism!”

CHOR. Intensively intense, etc.

II.

I love th' æsthetic melancholy,
Of sickly green on wall and dress,
The yellow sun-flow'rs big and sprawly,
Are quite too utter loveliness !
I play upon a double bass,
And wear the up-and-down-est frocks,
And from my æsthetic sallow face,
Stick out intense my bird-nest locks !
For now between me, etc.

No. 20.—SONG.

FERNADILLE.

I.

All is past ! The dream is over,
And I awake to dream no more !
Ne'er to meet as lover, lover,
Ne'er to count the moments o'er !
Yet the fervent vow so soon forgot,
Was uttered yesterday,
Whilst thy heart thou gavest (didst thou not ?)
For ever and for aye !
If farewell can e'er be spoken,
To one who haunts me like a spell,
Whose empire o'er me is unbroken,
Then, oh ! my darling ! now, farewell !

F. Calli
87

II.

All is past and mem'ry only
Can give one ray of light to me,
One beam of light to him all lonely,
Drifting far on life's dark sea.

Yet, that hope like dawn of Morning light,
Is that we'll meet again;
That a happier day will sure requite
My sorrow and my pain.
If farewell can, etc.

No. 21.—FINALE.

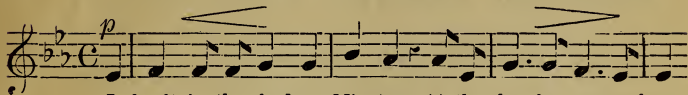
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I knelt in the shadowy Minster, At the ho-ly ves-per hour,

I knelt in the shadowy Minster,
At the holy vesper hour,
But in my heart was a sorrow
That defied its soothing pow'r ;
" My life is darken'd for ever,"
I cried in my passionate pain !
" Why kneel where the happy are kneeling ?
All wishes and pray'rs are vain."

And casting my sad eyes upward—
As my heart was by anguish wrung,—
A shower of jewell'd radiance
On the pillar beside me was flung :
It came from the western window,
With the sunset all ablaze,
Where Martyr and Saint were painted—
And I could not choose but gaze.

And methought, as I gaz'd, that a lesson
From the storied pane did shine,
And patience and hope were taught me,
By a sorrow greater than mine !

*Published in E flat (Compass, B to E) ; F (Compass, C to F) ;
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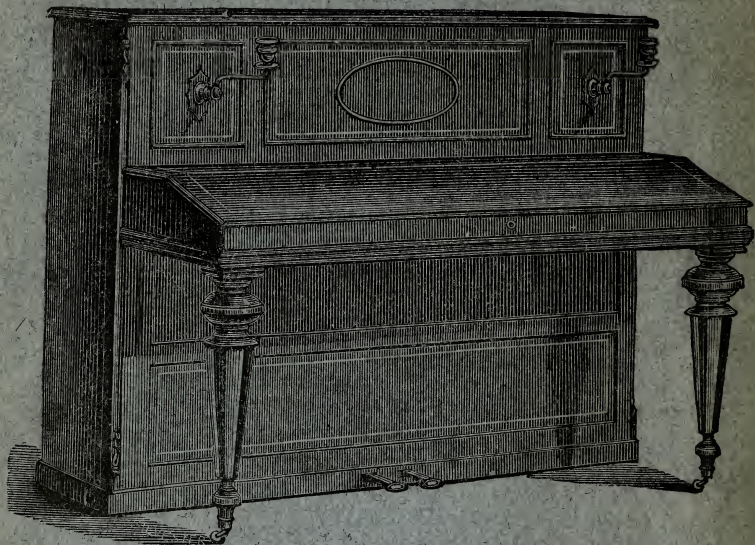
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